But after bertue gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wittes to ceaſe,
And ſomebright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poeſie,
Yet of the old ſtocke gan to ſhoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forſt to fayne,
And rolle with reſt in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it ſprong, it wither muſt agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierleſſe Poeſye, where is then the place?
If not in Princes pallace thou doe ſitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the moſt fitt)
Ne beſt of baſer birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aſpyring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to ſore, and make ſo large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not ſo in plight,
For *Colin* fittes ſuch famous flight to ſcanne:
He, were he not with loue ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.

Pires

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe ſo hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathſome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayſe ones mynd aboue the ſtarry ſkie.
And cauſe a caytiue corage to aſpire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly loue is ſuch a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The vaunted verſe a vacant head dema
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſe
Unwiſely weaues, that takes two wel

Who euer caſts to compaſſe weighty
And thinks to throwe out thondring w
Let powre in lauiſh cups and thriftie
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus*
And when with Wine the braine beg
The nombers flowe as faſt as ſpring

Thou kenſt not *Percie* howe the ryme
O if my temples were diſtaind with
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie tw
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtatel
And teache her tread aloft in buſ-kin
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage

But ah my corage cooles ere it be wa
For thy, content vs in thys humble ſh
Where no ſuch troublous tydes han
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely

Pires.

And when my Gates ſhall han their
Cuddie ſhall haue a Kidde to ſtore his

Cuddies Emblem

Agitante caleſcimu

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus hi
ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuſe for his n
is the power to make men immortal for they
naughty lyfe. And the lyke alſo is in Mantua
Theocritus, is more loftye then the reſt, and
vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubte vvhether by Cuddie be ſpecified